



Three Years and Two Months



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Chapter 1 by Rebecca

I was in Henry's car when we hit a semi-truck on an icy Nevada road. Henry was my boyfriend, and I had a feeling that he was going to propose to me that night. The last thing I remember, I was laughing with my eyes closed. Maybe it was a good thing that my eyes were closed. Maybe I don't want to remember the sight of the truck that put me in a coma for three years and two months. I'm not sure if my last memory from three years ago was good or not. I only remember my awkward laugh vibrating my head. I'm not even sure what I was laughing at.

Next, I was in a hospital bed, with no one by me. No one was there when I woke up from my three years and two months of being in a coma. A nurse rushed in and flashed a wide, warm smile. That smile was something I desperately wanted that day, but not from someone I had never met, I wanted it from my dad. He was the first person I asked for. The nurse's face turned from excitement to sorrow and empathy. I remember her words like she just whispered them in my ear seconds ago: your father was murdered three years ago shortly after your accident. You have been in a coma for three years and two months. I fell asleep being twenty two. I'm twenty five now.

I replied: by who? A man named Henry Moore. Did you know him? Yes, I told her, I was going to be Lillian Moore.

I loved that man, I wanted him, but I needed my dad. I wanted to go to sleep forever. I wanted to roll over and cry myself into another coma. I wanted to be Lillian Moore. I wanted to give my father grandchildren. Maybe I needed a coma to show me that you can't get everything you want. I also wanted a mother when I was younger. Mine ran away, leaving me and my newborn brother when I was two. She never came back.

After crying for a long time, I still couldn't remember the exact date when I lost my father and brother?

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